

by Mrs Spooky

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Summary: Scully is engaged to another man, will Mulder ever find the strength to tell her how he feels? Part two fixed, finally, only took me a year....

# If Ever You Were Mine: Part One

~By Kathleen Anderson~

> <br> Rating: PG-13 for this part  
> Disclaimer: None of the characters portrayed, except Jean Paul  
belong to me, they belong to Chris Carter and 1013 productions. No  
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Arcadia, but I wouldn't call it a spoiler.

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It was 8:01 and Dana Scully had yet to arrive at the office. Mulder raised one eyebrow as he watched the clock tick away the seconds. She was usually more than prompt with getting to work. Mulder sometimes considered calling up the good folks at Oxford and suggesting inserting a picture of Scully along with the definition of punctual. Different explanations as to Scully's tardiness ran through his mind: car trouble, illness, mother called, oversleeping, out late with Jean Paul...Jean Paul, even the mention of the name left a bad taste in Mulder's mouth. His name had to be pronounced with the accent placed just right, with the perfect amount of snootiness. Mulder sat there, one eyebrow cocked, his nose to the air, hand extended and muttered, "Jean Paul Fourier. That's a soft g mind you. Pleased to make your acquaintance. Mind if I steal your Dana?"

The door to the office flew open and Mulder stopped pretending to be

the suave Jean Paul. Scully rushed in, her clothes wrinkled, hair wild and face flushed. Taking in his partner's disheveled appearance, Mulder wasn't exactly eager to her where she had been. Scully dumped her purse on the desk and grabbed the nearest cup of coffee, which just happened to be Mulder's.

"You go right ahead there. Not like I was planning on drinking that anyways."

"Oh Sorry!" exclaimed Scully, "I just really need this right now. Sorry I'm late by the way."

"I have no doubt that you're sorry."

Scully finished her dustbuster impression with the coffee and put the mug back on the desk. Mulder gave the cup a longing look.

"So, do I get to hear why you're fashionably late or shall I use my imagination?"

"We had a late night and I guess we overslept."

Mulder's stomach turned at Scully's use of the plural pronoun, as he'd guessed Jean Paul was the direct cause of her tardiness.

Scully was staring at her partner who appeared to be somewhat preoccupied. She wanted to tell him the news she had, she wanted him to be the first to know but didn't know quite how to tell him. She knew their relationship had never been more than platonic but they'd always tiptoed that fine line between friends and lovers. Not being sure of how he'd react, she hesitated in telling him.

Mulder continued musing about Jean Paul, the brilliant French forensics expert, He'd come and swept Dana off her feet. Mulder wasn't sure why he felt this extreme hatred towards the man, when afterall, Dana had never really been his. He supposed that someday she would have been his...Mulder's thoughts were cut short by a small noise from Scully signifying that she wanted his attention.

Scully was looking at Mulder, with a slight smile playing with her features, "penny for your thoughts"

"It's going to take a lot more than a penny to get into this head." Mulder replied, who had no intention of Scully ever finding out his feelings for her or Jean Paul.

Scully flashed an enigmatic ScullySmile and lifted a hand to brush hair out of her face.

Mulder watched the hand come up to her beautiful hair. He had noticed the lock on her face and ached to brush it away himself. As she carelessly flicked the hair away, something caught Mulder's eye. Something had flashed in the light, Something on Scully's left hand reflected light. Mulder instantly felt ill.

He reached out and took her hand in his own. Scully gasped and tried to take it back. Mulder stared at her perfect hand marred only by one thing; the diamond behemoth on her slender finger. He dropped her hand.

"Congratulations Scully. I hope you're very happy."

Scully felt her hand fall back into her lap, heard his words, watched him walk away and felt her world fall apart around her. The bitterness in his words had torn her apart. She wanted him to be happy for her but most importantly she wanted to be happy for herself. She was now left questioning her impulsive reply to Jean Paul's proposal. Scully moaned softly and laid her head down on the desk. She closed her eyes and the world slowly disappeared as she slipped into sleep.

Mulder had been walking for close to two hours now. His feet were beginning to ache and he was tired. When he'd left Scully sitting stunned in the office, he had been tempted to go home but instead found himself walking. So, she was getting married, she would become Mrs Jean Paul Fourier. Maybe he would take her away to France with him. Mulder didn't want to contemplate life without Scully. The sight of the ring on her finger had hurt, it had physically hurt. Now Mulder was walking back towards the bureau. back towards Scully to face the anger he felt.

When Mulder arrived at the office he saw Scully with her head on the desk, hair falling around, sleeping with an expression of peace across her lovely face. Mulder was almost positive she was dreaming, if only he knew what her dream was about. He watched her sleep for ten minutes before sighing. Rising to leave, Mulder looked at her once more before whispering, "I love you Dana, even if you never were mine."

Mulder knew what he had to do. He went to Skinner's office, tossed his badge on the AD's desk, handed him the resignation papers and left. The man once known as Special Agent Mulder had left the office as nothing more than Fox Mulder.

Scully awoke from her nap feeling surprisingly refreshed. But, thanks to the pre-nap coffee, she knew she had breath that could slaughter a fly from 50 paces. Wondering if Mulder kept any mints in that desk of his she opened a drawer. Pushing aside pens, pencils and elastic bands she saw a small framed picture. Curiously, she picked it up, as she looked at it, she smiled. It was her and Mulder, or as they were known when this picture was taken, Rob and Laura Petrie. Mulder had his arm around her and they were both smiling. \*God\* she realized, \*we both look so happy\* She briefly wondered why Mulder had this picture in her desk but was interrupted by a loud knocking on the door.

Skinner burst into the office and he did not look happy. He threw Mulder's badge and papers in front of her. Scully looked at them, not quite believing what she saw. Skinner gave her a questioning look.

"Did you two have a disagreement?"

Scully took a deep breath, "Not exactly" she said.

"Then what the hell is this about?!" roared Skinner, "and what the hell is that on your hand!"

Scully glanced at the ring, "the reason for Mulder's resignation

sir." she said.

Skinner didn't look at all surprised and nodded, "Well Agent Scully, I suggest you and your offending ring go find your AWOL partner. I want his ass in my office ASAP!"

Scully groaned and nodded, "I'll get right on it Sir." and with that Skinner left the room leaving Scully alone once again. She picked up Mulder's badge and sighed, "well Agent Mulder, I hope you're at home."

Scully banged on the door to Mulder's apartment. She tried to knob but the door was locked. Reluctantly she searched her keyring for a copy of Mulder's key and opened the door. The apartment was tidy as usual and nothing looked out of place. She walked around checking the kitchen, bathroom, and finally the bedroom. On the bed there was a piece of paper, Scully picked it up....

Dear Dana,

> I knew you would come here looking for me, obviously Skinner's told you the news. I can't stay, I hope you understand. I should have told you this sooner, but Dana I love you and it hurts too much to stay, I wish you the best for the future.<br> Love Fox

> PS: If you could, could you please look after my fish?<div>

Scully stared at the note, at first not wanting to believe it. Of course Mulder loved her, she had known that. She'd always tried to convince herself that she felt otherwise, that she had no interest. Jean Paul was nothing more than the latest (and greatest) attempt to make herself deny her feelings. She suddenly felt that saying yes to Jean Paul last night (or was it this morning..) had been possibly the biggest mistake of her life.

Feeling the last of her walls come tumbling down, Scully fell down onto his bed and sobbed. The covers, she noticed, smelled like him. She hugged a pillow and let herself cry.

Feeling very run-down now, Scully felt like a shower. She made her way to his bathroom. As she showered, she caught herself wishing that Mulder would return and join her in the shower. He would stand behind her, running his hands over her stomach, touching her breasts. Scully realized that the water seemed to become much warmer.

With her shower complete, Scully felt somewhat more energized and hungry. She knew Mulder didn't keep a lot of food in his kitchen, but she decided to try her luck. She first went to his bedroom, selected a t-shirt of his, put it on and then headed for the small kitchen.

Scully stared at the cupboards, there was nothing, or at least nothing healthy to eat. She had checked everywhere and let's face it, Mulder was no health food nut. She sighed and eventually put a TV dinner in the microwave. She watched her food go around before the microwave flashed \*Your Food is Ready\* at her. Scully took the vile package out of the nuker and dug in.

Scully moped around Mulder's place, occasionally calling her machine to get her messages. She stared at the ring Jean Paul had tenderly placed on her finger not 24 hours ago. It was ugly, she realized, it

was ugly because it did not symbolize true love; only a facade. The ring meant nothing to her. She slipped it off her finger and placed it on Mulder's nightstand. Feeling like a weight had been lifted off her, she curled up under the covers and fell asleep.

Mulder had spent the remainder of the day holed up in a road-side, rent-by-the-hour dump. The rooms were cheap and besides, he had no intentions of sleeping. His mind was reeling over the day's events, too much had happened before his brain could comprehend it all. He was beginning to regret having left Scully that note and wondered if maybe there was a chance that she hadn't read it yet. On a whim, he hauled himself to his car and headed for home.

Dana Scully did not hear the door open, nor did she head the man enter the bedroom.

## 2. Past Two

\_If Ever You Were Mine Part Two\_

> <br>

Mulder opened the door to his apartment and found a light on in the living room. He found this odd, as he did with the remainder of a TV dinner on his coffeetable. He made his way to the bedroom where he found, crumpled on the floor, a navy blue pantsuit along with some rather racy lingerie. Mulder knew who these articles belonged to and continued to the bedroom. He saw her there, asleep in his bed, the moon shining in on her. Her hair was across the pillow and she looked almost goddess-like. It tore Mulder's heart to see her like that. He longed to rip off his clothes and join her in that bed. Something caught Mulder's eye on the nightstand, something sparkling in the softlight. It was the ring, Scully had removed the ring.

Mulder's breath caught in his throat as she stirred. She mumbled a few incoherent words then settled back down again. Mulder breathed a sigh of relief, the last thing he wanted to do was be seen. He noticed his note to her laying on the dresser, he guessed there was no way she could not have read it. So she knew the truth and now she was sleeping in his bed. Before he did anything irrational, Mulder left the room and turned his back on the woman he loved.

Scully awoke the next morning to the harsh ringing of the phone. She blinked a few times before she remembered where she was. All the events of the previous day came flooding back to her: her rash engagement, Mulder's subsequent resignation, the note left to her...She answered the phone before realizing that she probably should have let the machine get it.

"Hello?" she said.

"Agent Scully?" said a familiar voice, "is that you?" It was Skinner.

"Ah yes Sir, it is me."

"Is Mulder there with you?" he asked. Scully could only imagine what the AD must be thinking.

"No Sir, I'm alone, I came here last night to see if he'd come back and I guess I fell asleep."

"so Mulder hasn't showed up there?"

Scully wondered just how dim the AD was and replied, "no Sir, I said I was alone."

"I see Agent Scully. I want him in my office by 6:00 this evening or I'm getting a team out after him. Is that clear?"

"Crystal clear Sir, I'll see you later." said Scully and hung up the phone.

As she placed the receiver back in the cradle, she realized that she didn't really know if Mulder was in the place. A surge of hope ran through her as she searched the apartment.

To her disappointment, she found no Mulder but as she entered the bathroom she saw her clothes neatly folded on top of the toilet. She had no recollection of ever doing that, but last night all seemed like a blue. For all she knew, in her compulsive neatness, she could have folded those clothes up.

Scully sighed heavily, she had roughly 10 hours before Skinner would call a man-hunt on Mulder. She could think of a few places he might be and she decided to check those before enlisting the aid of the Lone Gunmen and she was sure that they would be more than willing to help, especially Frohike. That man would bow to the every whim of the lovely agent Scully.

Mulder sat in what could best be described as the bathroom/condemned waste area, in a lukewarm bath. The taps had failed to produce hot water and the showerhead showed a great deal of apparent anger towards Mulder, so he opted for a lukewarm bath. There was a funny smell in the room and Mulder was almost afraid to look in the toilet.

There was no way he was staying here until god knows when. \*You know when Mulder\* his mind told him, \*You're here until you stop being chickenshit and face her\* Facing her wasn't something Mulder felt up to anytime soon. He was embarrassed and angry with himself. He had been selfish. If he could have just kept his mouth shut and emotions in check, Dana could be happy to marry that French bastard. Dana's happiness meant everything to Mulder, even though he wanted to be the one to make her happy. When he saw that ring on her finger, despite it's ugliness, he wished he could have been the one to place it on her finger. He would slip it onto her finger, she would be crying tears to joy, he would smile and then they would kiss. A kiss that held so much promise of the future. But that wouldn't happen, Mulder thought and for a brief moment considered drowning in his bath.

Dana Scully was ready to scream! It was 3:00 and she'd looked everywhere. As much as she hated to do it, she drove to the Lone Gunmen's lair. Langly answered the door, looking surprised to see scully on the doorstep.

"Hey Frohike!" he called, "the babe's here!"

Scully looked turned off by the nickname but accepted the invitation to come inside. Frohike grinned when he saw her.

"Ah the lovely Agent Scully, what can I do you for?"

"You don't happen to know where Mulder is, do you?"

"Mulder missing again? What happened this time?"

"Long story. So I can assume that you don't know where he is?"

"Correcto Agent Scully."

Scully sighed, "can you access the hotel registries?"

"We might be able to get into some of them, but not every motel is computerized, especially not Mulder's favourite type."

Scully realized he was right, if Mulder was in a motel, it was most likely a dump. Probably wouldn't even be worth looking on the computers. She might as well check in person with the office...which wasn't such a bad idea.

"Thanks anyways guys. I'll have to find him some other way. I'll be going now."

Byers stepped forward, "are you sure you can't stay? We have some uhm...pizza" he said gesturing towards an oil soaked box.

Scully shook her head politely and headed for the door.

The door shut to yet another office of a roadside dump. Scully moaned, her search was proving to be fruitless. She had been around the city, checking with any sleazy looking motel for a Fox Mulder or an FW Mulder. Of course, if he really wanted to hide, he wouldn't use his name. Scully couldn't figure out what exactly he was hiding from. When she found him, she decided, she was either going to kick his ass or kiss him. Personally, she thought the former would be most enjoyable.

Mulder sat in a beaten up, overstuffed pillow in the motel with the drapes shut. He hadn't felt this low in several years, \*not since the cancer\* he knew. Once again, he'd managed to ruin Dana Scully's life. He seemed to have a knack for doing that and it wasn't something he was proud of.

Mulder reached beside him and felt the familiar cold steel and shape of his gun. He cradled it in his hand, almost caressing the it's smooth, uncaring surface. He looked at the gun, his release. Who would miss him? Samantha was gone, at peace. His mother was gone as well. Scully; she had the French asshole and was probably fucking him at this very moment. \*She was sleeping in your bed last night\* his brain reminded him \*she wasn't wearing the ring\* His hand curved into the familiar shape around the gun and his heart began to beat rapidly against his ribcage.

\*This is it\* thought Dana Scully, \*This is the last motel I check and then I let Skinner get the dogs on him\* She stepped into the office

and politely inquired about a Fox Mulder.

Mulder let his mind go blank. His breathing was as rapid as his heartbeat. The gun felt good in his hand, his finger not more than five millimeters from the trigger.

\*Room 49\* Scully thought happily as she rounded the corner, carefully stepping over the broken cement. She saw the familiar MulderCar parked haphazardly in the spot and she practically ran for the door.

He tried to calm his breathing and steady his shaking hand. He knew he had to hit the right spot and die instantly. He didn't want any of that suffering. Faintly, he felt a tear make a path down his cheek and he wondered why he was crying. \*You don't want to leave Her, you asshole\* his ever helpful brain told him.

The finger was on the trigger. \*If this were a movie there would be a very loud knocking on the door right about now\* he thought. But his wasn't a movie and the gun was very real, as was the unsteady finger touching the trigger.

**\*\*KNOCK KNOCK\*\***

The gun feel and Mulder swore. He had been so close. It was probably just the manager.

"Fuck off!" he called, "I'm fucking busy!" \*Busy taking your own life?\*

The words he heard next were the last words he had ever expected to hear.

"Mulder's it me."

It's funny how three words could change a person so much. He glanced at the gun and got up to unlock the door.

She stood there, a smile on her beautiful face, blissfully unaware that this man had come within seconds of taking his own life. Before he could say anything, she was there, pressing her lips against his, savouring the feel, taste and smell of him. Dana Scully had chosen the latter, she would kick his ass later.

And she kissed him. Fox Mulder had gone from having a gun to his mouth to having the woman he loved at his mouth. As her lips touched his, he felt an enormous sense of relief and then guilt. \*What are you guilty of?\* his never quiet brain inquired, \*You almost left this woman forever. She loves you, isn't that obvious? Painfully so...\*

After they broke their passionate embrace, Scully peered anxiously around his shoulder, presumably looking for a cheap, blonde, busty prostitute.

"there's no one there"

"I see that, why is your gun laying on the floor?"

Mulder turned around and slowly walked towards the metal object on



the floor. As he picked it up, he faced her once again.

"Do you believe in fate Scully?"

She gave him an inquisitive look, "what do you mean by that?"

He looked almost sadly at the gun, "you are my fate Scully."

"Your fate?"

"My fate. Had you knocked 10 seconds later on my door, we would not be having this conversation right now."

Scully looked at the gun in his hands and realizing what he meant, let out a gasp.

"I think you were sent to save me Scully."

"Oh Mulder..."

She stepped forward and held him tightly. As she searched for his lips, she realized his face was wet. He was crying. \*He almost killed himself\* her brain told her. She kissed him again.

Mulder, for some inexplicable reason, found himself crying. She was brushing his face and throat with her lips while pressing her body tightly against his. His tears reminded him that he was alive for the dead never cry. He closed his eyes and let himself be taken away.

"I love you Dana."

"I love you too...CRAP!" she suddenly yelled and brought her watch to her face. The hands told her that it was 5:57. She was supposed to have Mulder in Skinner's office in three minutes. She frantically dug around in her pockets for her cellphone. Dialing Skinner's desk she looked at Mulder. He had sat down on the bed and was watching her with interest.

"Hello?" said Skinner's voice.

"Skinner! I have Mulder. don't call the dogs!" she cried.

"Just in time Agent Scully. Bring him here immediately."

"Will do Sir, Good bye."

She put the phone back in her pocket and looked at Mulder who was now blowing his nose.

"We'll talk later" she said, "just get your things, Skinner wants you in his office."

Mulder sighed, "I think I've just lived the shortest resignation in FBI history."

"Just as well Mulder. Come on, I'll meet you at the bureau."

Scully waited impatiently for Mulder's car to show up. It did soon enough and he pulled into the spot next to her. She got out of the

car and went over to him. \*god he looks tired. It's a wonder he made it here okay. Maybe I'll give him a ride home\* she thought. As the two walked through the parkade, she linked her fingers with his.

Mulder cringed visably as he took Skinner's verbal abuse. Scully thought she should have been timing him. as this might very well be Skinner's longest rant yet.

"I sure as hell don't know what's going on between you two or what prompted your little foray Agent Mulder. but I expect this will not happen again! Am I correct agents?"

Both nodded meekly.

"Before I forget Agent Scully, some French a-hole was in here demanding to see you. I suggest you give him a call."

Scully buried her face in her hands, she had totally forgotten about Jean Paul.

"This meeting is over. I am giving you both the day off tomorrow. I suggest you use that time to resolve any 'problems' you might have."

The two nodded once again and left the office.

"Let me drive you home Mulder."

To Scully's surprise he agreeded without any protest. \*Maybe he's ready to let the walls down\* she thought and silently prayed for the strength to have the talk with him.

The ride to Mulder's apartment was, for the most part, without words. Neither knew exactly what to say. Scully knew she owed Jean Paul, at the very least, a phone call and an explanation. But she couldn't have an explanation until she and Mulder talked.

He was tired, physically and emotionally tired. He cast a glance at her, looking straight ahead, her face showing no emotions. He knew they needed to talk, talk about where they go from here. The kisses couldn't mean nothing. He knew now, for the first time, that she did indeed share his feelings.

"I spent the night here last night."

Mulder nodded, "I saw you."

"Why didn't you wake me?"

"you looked so peaceful."

Scully glanced around uncomfortably, "so, are we gonna talk about it?"

"Which 'it' would you be referring to?"

"How about all of them?"

"Can it wait 15 minutes? I really need a hot shower.."

Scully nodded and watched him head for the bathroo,. She heard the water come on and found herself picturing him in the shower.

Shaking her head to get her mind off shower-boy, she scratched her shoulder and idly picked up the remote and began channel surfing. She cranked the volume in an attempt to drown out the shower. Finally she settled on watching Jerry Springer at almost top volume.

"Goind deaf Scully?" he asked, humour evident in his voice.

She gasped in surprise, she hadn't realized he was done in the shower. Now he was standing before her. hair damp, wearing black jeans and a black top. It took all her will-power to not jump up and run her hands through that hair and kiss him on those sensuous full-lips.

"Uh no.." she said, "I was just, uh, having a hard time hearing over the shower."

He picked up the remote and flicked off the tv. She sat on the couch looking distinctly uncomfortable. Again, silence. He sat down about a foot away from her.

"So..are we going to talk or what?"

"You owe me an explanation Mulder."

"Explanation of what?"

"Everything....oh god, I don't know. I'm so confused. I was happy mulder, or at least I thought I was. Jean Paul was the best thing that's happened to me in a long time."

"I'm sorry Scully.."

"Oh god, don't be sorry. You didn't do anything wrong. Why didn't you ever tell me that you were in love with me?"

"I was afraid. Afraid of rejection, afraid of jeopardizing our friendship. Then you met Jean Paul. You were happy."

"So you knew I was happy?"

"Of course, Dana, your face. I can read it like a book most of the time."

"So why.."

"Why did I leave?"

"yeah"

"I was walking away for you, Scully when I saw that ring on your finger, it was like someone drove a 30 tonne truck into my stomach. I had to leave."

"Did you intend to stay away forever?"

"I intended to kill myself Scully."

She was silent, contemplating her next move. Conversations with Mulder were constantly like a game of strategy with each of them taking turns moving their piece.

"Where do we go from here?" she asked finally.

It was Mulder's turn, "where do you want to go?"

"I love you..I think"

"You saved me Scully, I owe you my life and more.

"Before we...do anything. I have to make a phone call.

Mulder nodded and she pulled her cellphone from the pocket again.  
\*What a bitch I am\* Scully thought \*ending an engagement over the phone!\*

With Jean Paul out of the way, Scully turned her attention back to Mulder. He was adorable. She couldn't resist. She reached out to him and he accepted her. As he took her into his arms he whispered to her, "I dreamed of this night Scully, if ever you were mine."

End  
file.